

CHRISTMAS EDITION TOIKE OIKE



TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY,
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY.

Vol. XXXII

Thursday, December 19, 1940

No. 4

SPORTOIKE

Determined that this column should consist of news that is new, different and sport-like, your sports-ed strolled to the top floor (all but the attic) of the Little Red Schoolhouse to interview some of School's beautiful Engineerettes in order to find out just in what line of sport, if any, they were participating.

Spying a lone figure at her drafting board, we ambled over and asked "In the name of Sportoike, would you tell me what sports you girls are taking up here at School?"

"Not a darn thing, except P.T., and we *have* to take that," was the terse reply, and this gorgeous creature proceeded to resume her work.

This reply obviously didn't lead to columns and columns of news, but with a more determined step, we approached two more damsels divine, to whom we plied the same question.

"There is nothing arranged for us to do," they replied.

"Don't you even drop water-bombs from this height of vantage?" we asked.

"No," they answered, "but we do throw lighted darts at each other, at least, we don't, but we encourage the boys when they do it."

Now we felt we were beginning to get copy, but alas no more information could we obtain, other than that one of the girls, we won't say who, we promised, but she is tall, and was working out Problem II Book I in Descriptive Geometry all during the interview, claims to have played basketball on a very unsuccessful team.

It was obvious then, that directly, the girls could not be congratulated for School's No. 1 position in sport, but indirectly, as the inspiration of the gallant heroes and the nucleus of the spectating crowds, they have been the back-bone and the spirit urging on the stalwarts of rugby, soccer, and other sports to victory for School, Country and an admiring smile.

Never has Victory smiled so sweetly upon School as this year. The Senior Rugbyists remain undefeated while the Juniors only dropped one.—Each is sharing the Mulock Cup.—The swim-

(Continued on Page 2)

CANDLE HOLDERS

One day last week I was in an up-town departmental store and sought the circle where they sell Christmas decorations. Looking about a bit I asked the bright blonde saleslady if she had any of those tin things which one fastened on the branches of Christmas trees to hold candles. She looked queerly at me with large eyes, politely said she had no such tin things, waved me downstairs and guessed I would find them where they have Christmas tree novelties. Same thing over again, the equally bright saleslady had never heard of such queer things.

Of course they wouldn't know about such devices. The young generation is brought up electrically and salesladies would nowadays show one a string of electric bulbs to festoon from branch to branch, something like you see this week at Yonge and Adelaide Streets. I didn't stop to ask if the mail order department could supply candle holders for a tree up in the Caledon Hills where there was no electricity. Thus have electrical engineers done away with the Christmas candle and candle holder of our fathers, but have, however, kept it for us as a standard of illumination measurement. Just the same a paternal government may soon require Christmas Tree Inspectors.

Beeswax candles have been used from early times and are mentioned by the Roman writers. Apart from the Roman oil lamp the earliest form of household light probably was the rush light from which grew the tallow dip, the predecessor of the modern candle. The manufacture of these, one of the most ancient forms of illuminant, was for centuries a household industry. While London had Chandlers' Guilds seven hundred years ago there was a guild of travelling candle makers (Chandeliers) in Paris also in the 13th century who went from house to house making candles. If you get a chance to see a modern three decker "continuous wicking candle-moulding machine", do so, for it is a marvel of mechanical engineering. These now make candles with paraffin wax from mineral oil refineries.

* * *

(Continued on Page 4)

FROM BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

The Engineering Society Executive Committee extend a hearty Christmas greeting to all Schoolmen. Give Santa those forty beers, and hope for the best.

Christmas is a gala event—but so is SCHOOL AT-HOME. The one and only, and best formal party of the University year will take place in the Royal York Hotel on January 17th, 1941. The committee has been exceptionally active. Bob Shuttleworth and his fourteen piece orchestra have been engaged, a gala one hour floor show starring acts from the Brant Inn is practically assured. The decorations will be extremely novel and interesting (in confidence, caricatures of the faculty will be posted around the room). The price will be within the reach of every undergrad—so prepare yourself for a top-notch evening.

The collection for the Hart House Employees has met with fair success. The girls in the Great Hall will greatly appreciate this Christmas gift, and this is a fine showing of our appreciation of their services.

School Nite committee meetings have been in progress for the past month. This event has always been a tremendous success, and promises to excel even the high standards set in the past. Remember the date—February 7th, 1941.

Once again—hearty Season's Greetings.

DEBATES CLUB

The Annual Impromptu Speaking Contest was held on Wednesday, Dec. 18th, and was very successful. We are now looking forward to the Segsworth Trophy Debates, which are inter-year affairs. The winning team is awarded a pair of pewter beer steins. Anyone interested in taking part in these Debates should hand their name, year, and phone number into the Engineering Society Office, addressed to me.

Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year,

P. E. PASHER,
Chairman.

The Toike Oike

Devoted to the interests of the Under-graduates of the Faculty of Applied Science.

Published Every Now and Then by The Engineering Society of the University of Toronto.

Editor.....A. L. Don Maclean
Assistant Editors.....G. K. Clement,
K. Kidd, W. G. McClean
Sports Editor.....D. Barnes
Feature Editor.....W. Shulman
Director of Publications and
Publicity.....W. A. Wachsmuth

"An Engineer and a gentleman" is a term often applied to members of S.P.S., and it is with considerable pride that we accept this appellation. During the time that we have been fortunate enough to attend School very few incidents have occurred to raise any doubt as to the veracity of this phrase. However, and it is with reluctance that we mention it at all, the evident display of ill manners exhibited at the meeting of the Engineering Society last Friday was, to say the least, deplorable.

The Executive of the Engineering Society spends a great deal of thought and time arranging these meetings, and securing speakers who will deliver interesting and instructive addresses. More often than not the men who speak to us spend considerable time and effort on their talk, to say nothing of the time spent in presenting their address and in getting here, sometimes from out of town. The least that we can do (it is for us that these meetings are held) is to attend the gatherings, and while there, to pay attention (or at least be quiet) and conduct ourselves in a manner fitting to Schoolmen. For those men who must leave at 5 o'clock a short pause in the address is usually made.

The fact that some slight accident occurs to distract attention for a few minutes is not a signal for a general uproar, and it should go without saying, that the guest speaker (he is our guest) should not be heckled in any way.

Fellows, let's write this off the books, and in future, act in such a way as to merit the linking of the names Engineer and gentleman.

Hotel Clerk—"Why don't you scrape the mud off your shoes before coming in here?"

One of the boys back from Survey Camp: "What shoes?"

NEWS

In case you're interested—

A survey has been made in an attempt to find out the dimensions of the average Schoolman. Taking the members of the Engineering Society Executive and Year Executives (32 men in all) as a typical cross-section of the whole School the following figures were amassed.

Here he is:

Height—5' 11.4"

Weight—168.5 lbs.

Age —21.6 years.

So now you know.

We wish to announce an extension of the date of entry of sketches for the cover of the School Nite Toike Oike to Saturday, January 18th, 1941. For full particulars of the five dollar (yes, five dollar) contest see the notice board just outside the Engineering Society Store.

REMEMBER—Not to buy that last crock of likker for New Year's—you'll need the money for *School Formal* on January 17th.

After much skinniving and wandering from Joint to Joint, Bill Brown and his able committee have turned up once again with the people's choice—BOB SHUTTLEWORTH.

Plans are also under way for a super-duper Floor Show that will be superer and duperer than anything hitherto, heretofore, or hereafter.

Yea, verily, and it hath been prophesied, that the price shall not be greater than last year.

Have you heard how a bustle and an historical romance are alike?

No, how?

Both are fictitious tales, based on stern reality.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never turned his head and said: "Hnnnnnnnn, not bad!"

MIDNIGHT

For the last couple of hours I have been leaning dreamily over a sheet of vile green paper headed "Lab Report"—"Initials"—"Expt."—"Date"—Nothing more. The old slide rule seems to be stuck and I can't get going—gradually I wander off into a fitful sleep—dim forms flit across my mind—"Mullock Cup"—final rugby game—half holiday—ah Ecstasy! Players move about on a strangely white field—most confusing, all have the same uniform! Who's playing whom? An Auxiliary Battalion

(Continued on Page 4)

SPORTOIKE

(Continued from Page 1)

mers have won their group and are still in the swim very literally and definitely.—The lacrosse stars came through in true style, both Senior and Junior School making play-off berths, and Senior School still on top, just waiting for an opponent in the finals.

Volleyball is getting its share of attention these days and the boys on these teams are really putting up some good games.—Come on out and see for yourself.

Hockey notices have made their appearance and it won't be long now until this sport begins to take the highlights. We predict that School will show up equally as well in hockey as we have in rugby. Most of the shinny stars are just a rarin' to go and I do mean raring.

There is not much more to be said that hasn't been said regarding School sports. Any omissions will quickly be brought to my attention by the omisseees, to whom we humbly apologize and will promise to try and cover all if space permits.

To all we now extend the happiest of Yuletide Wishes, with a word of warning not to extend New Year's celebrating too far, but conserve your energy and sharpen your wits to lay down the law on January 6th.

So long!

DUD BARNES.

ARCHITECTURAL CLUB

A ski trip to Aurora which was arranged to facilitate the study of Early Ontario Architecture of that district ended disastrously. Somebody, not mentioning any names, steered our dear Professor into a snowbank, shattering his knee. The students, though they miss him, are however, working as diligently as ever.

A talk on plywoods with plenty of samples for all was held on December 12th. The speaker was Mr. A. H. Copeland of the Laidlaw Lumber Co. Mr. Moore, local member of the B.C. Plywoods Association, answered questions. When the samples were handed out a good time was had by all. Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are approaching the festive season followed by that not so festive period of exams. Sincerely, we wish you a Merry Christmas and lots of luck on those exams.

STAN. B. BARCLAY.

Pete—"Boy, oh, boy, did Tillie throw a party last night!"

Lou—"You don't say. Who all was there?"

Pete—"Just Tillie and me."

MINING AND METALLURGICAL CLUB

We had a good night at the Engineers' Club a couple of weeks ago, with "Ike" Waite our Honorary Chairman, who gave a general talk on the various factors affecting a successful exploration engineer. In summing up he mentioned a couple of sound economic facts that had to do with the relation between capital and labour. Your chairman promptly "unsounded" these facts due to a lack of prepositions, but is still firmly convinced that our guest knew what he was talking about.

In the way of unfinished business—how about those C.I.M.M. subscriptions?

New Business—We have J. G. Morrow, the chief Metallurgist of the Steel Co. of Canada, coming from Hamilton to tell us a little about the steel industries' activity in the present stress of war business. He should have a good message for us as his experience with steel has been long and wide (covers a large area). This will come off around the end of January.

We are still planning on working in a joint Mining, Metallurgical, and Civil Club dance next term.

J. WACHSMUTH.

ENGINEERING PHYSICS CLUB

Sometimes I wonder what Engineering Physics is coming to. Here we have a perfectly good dance with twenty gallons of our traditional cider, and what happens, only four sophs and nine frosh turn out. Why in my day. . . . You know it seems that the first two years are so silly that they probably don't even know Engineering Physics'

three mottoes, namely:

- (1) F=ma
- (2) You can't push a rope
- (3) You've gotta know the answer.

And know that you have been admonished, or rather severely reprimanded (reference "Notes on Elementary Military Law, P. 51—K.R. Can. 470-b) we can leave behind the past and proceed to the future.

At the moment we are looking forward to our next meeting to take place next Wednesday, December 18th, when Dr. Cates will speak to us on "Nerves and how they work". Whether or not the so-and-so editor of this such-and-such paper will publish this tripe before the meeting, is quite an indeterminate function of several variables, but we will hope for the best.

Tentative plans are also under way for another dinner meeting to be held toward the end of January. The Executive is at present engaged in locating an Eatateria which serves \$1.00 meals for 50c. so that we can get twice as much fun for half the price.

Yours for a WHALE of a Christmas.

VIC MASON.

ELECTRICAL CLUB

A few hearty Toike Oikes reached radio listeners on Monday night, December 9th, when the Electrical Mechanical and Engineering Physics Prom was broadcast over CKCL. The evening was a splendid and enjoyable one for all who were there. We are sorry that those who did not attend missed such a good time.

Important Notice

The Electrical Club is having a Shooting Night on January 9th, 1941,

at Hart House in the Billiard Room and in the Rifle Range. This is an opportunity that should not be missed by any Electricals.

Current News

1. Local trip through the Mechanics of Materials Laboratory for First Year and Second Year.

2. Field trip to the General Electric Co. at Peterborough for Third and Fourth Years.

Before you get away to your respective home or home-town for the holidays (that is, several weeks of study) we should like to take this opportunity of wishing all the Electricals a very Merry Christmas.

DICK SCOTT.

EXPENSE REPORT

Period ending Nov. 23rd, 1940

Nov.1 Advertising for Girl	
Stenographer	\$ 0.50
5 Violets—New Stenographer65
8 Week's salary for Stenographer	15.00
9 Roses for Stenographer..	3.00
11 Candy for Wife75
13 Lunch with Stenographer	6.25
15 Week's salary for Secretary	20.00
17 Picture Show tickets—Self and Wife80
18 Theatre tickets—Self and Secretary	7.50
19 Candy for Wife75
20 LILLIAN'S salary	25.00
21 Theatre and Dinner with Lillian	21.75
22 Fur coat for Wife	625.00
23 Advertising for Man Stenographer50

S P S

SCHOOL AT-HOME

S P S

S P S

*Take Her
to the
At-Home*

*Inspiring Rhythm
Floor Show
Refreshments*

S P S

S P S

S P S

S P S

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1941

S P S

CANDLE HOLDERS

(Continued from Page 1)

Candlesticks, candle holders and other devices have been in use during these many centuries and still are with us in various forms. The Christmas season in the stores presents many types and designs so the candle must still be staying with us as a cheery illuminant, despite the Hydro and its widespread services. Can you resist the soft flickering candle light on the small table in a quiet corner of the restaurant with a candle companion?

Candle holders there are of all materials: iron, tin, brass, glass, clay, wood and paper, and still they keep on making them. There are bright shiny ones and dark dull rusty ones; highly artistic ornamental candle sticks; and plain simple steady-going common ones. Often times the plain ones are the better, for they serve just the same as the fancy ones and can better take their knocks and tumbles and, moreover, live longer.

* * *

Candle holders may or may not match the candles they hold. Candles themselves, whatever may be their use and purpose, often times reflect the holder, whatever its usefulness, its practical design or appropriateness: such usually works out by common sense. One would hardly carry a dainty taper in a glass candlestick down a mine or set it down in the roadway when tinkering under a reluctant motor car. When hunting fish worms one would use a large fat candle probably enclosed in a lantern chimney. Out in camp or on a dark trail, how many of us have used one made out of a tomato can? (they call it a "bug" in the North). Yes, and many of us, camping, have used a bottle for a holder. Some of us graduates of decades ago can remember candles stuck on pieces of rock in a shaft or tunnel. We have oft-times told an otherwise attentive assistant to keep steady and cease waving his candle about, whilst one was trying to read the vernier on the transit (water from the shaft running down one's neck).

* * *

It doesn't much matter perhaps, after all, how appropriate the candlestick, so long as the candle is properly held to throw a clear, steady, upstanding, bright beam, whatever its size. Most of you have read "The Merchant of Venice", maybe know it by heart. You remember (Act V, Scene 1) what Portia said:

"That light we see is burning in my hall.

How far that little candle throws his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Schoolmen are all Candle Holders. If they were not born that way their years of comradeship here at "School" have made them so. Now that you are well started holding candles to light your way for yourselves and your comrades, whatever kind of holder you may be, keep it up. After you go out from here you will be called upon to hold candles and light the way for your fellow citizens in Canada. Be sure you do.

There is a light, a flame, that you will keep burning, a light that is fed by "School Spirit", in energizing mixture, the properties of which no researcher has yet quite ascertained, much less analysed. Whatever the sources and whatever the constituents, we all know that "School Spirit" burns with a bright, clear, steady flame of high candle power.

Another thought comes at this Christmas-tide. We are thinking of home, our own folk, our friends and all those for whom we can brighten the road. Candle holding for them is well worth the effort. I would ask you gentlemen, to remember that:—

"The Spirit of Man is the Candle of the Lord"

* * *

With best wishes to you all for a Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year.

C. H. MITCHELL.

December 16th, 1940.

ELECTRO-CHEMICAL
ECCENTRICITIES

With the cathode next the window
And the anode next the door,
Here's to Prof. Burt-Gerrans,
May he live forever more.
With his see, see, see,
In the coal-hole 'neath the floor,
With the cathode next the window
And the anode next the door.

Oh, the damn'd old apparatus
Will never work for us:—
In comes Doc Burt-Gerrans
To raise an awful fuss.
He says it's not the Demi's fault,
And we begin to cuss.
Because the anode's minus
Instead of being plus.

We may lose our hold on theory
Or on all Designs that be,
But there's one thing we'll remember—
And it's Electro-Chemistry.
If we miss the deeper secrets
There's one thing sure to score,—
That the cathode's next the window
And the anode's next the door.

He—"May I take you home?"
She—"Sure, where do you live?"

MIDNIGHT

(Continued from Page 2)

platoon, led by their baboon commander, are marching about the field practicing intricate formations — left forms, right dresses, left wheels, right wheels, cartwheels — Several Schoolmen are spraying malted milks over the field—to malt the snow.

Alley Cat and Toike Oike, those two star players are running around the track, warming up. Gaily, they dodge around the many Russian corpses at the Finnish line.

And now the game starts. Alley Cat is captaining the Hep Cat Team, and Ray Block, the Swing Fourteen. It's the "Hep Cats Ball" and Alley calls the team back. Out from the huddle they come armed with snowballs, to launch a brilliant attack. It looks like they'll score, but hurriedly the Toike Oikes build snow men all over the field, confusing the Hep Cats and forcing them to a halt.

There's a man out on the play and the water boy comes sleighing out on to the field accompanied by forty St. Bernard dogs.

Santa Claus—the umpire—jingles his bells and shouts, "Let's get going, boys. I've got a date for the twenty-fifth—Apt to look up a lot of stockings."

"And he calls that work!" moans a Pass Arts ghoul, gazing longingly at a luscious blonde in the cheering section.

But now Ray Block has the ball:— with a lovely bit of English he plays a carrom and lands the eight ball in the side pocket. Seven points for the Swing Fourteen.

With just a few minutes of play remaining, it looks bad for the Hep Cats, but Alley tries a desperate play and takes the ball himself. He plunges into a snow drift, burrowing swiftly. Under the south grandstand he goes—with Toike Oike in pursuit. He short cuts down the North House-St. Hilda's tunnel and lands out in the C.O.T.C. trench labyrinth. Here he loses most of his pursuers—but Ollum Chollum is still hot on his trail. Alley pulls his trusty slide rule from his pocket—hastily fastens the two parts to his feet and slaloms toward the field. With a quick schuss down the grandstand roof he stops at the goal with a vest telemark to tie the score.

Skool 7 Skule 7

* * *

The sounds of cheering voices, sleigh bells and forty howling St. Bernard dogs wake me from my reverie. TWO A.M.

And no lab report—Oh well, I'll copy it from someone else to-morrow.

G'night.